

# A Mother's Love

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Young mother to be Uzumaki Kushina pores her feelings into a scarf for her yet to be born son never realizing the tragedy which would befall her and that it would be almost two decades later that Naruto would receive the scarf as a physical reminder of his mother's love.

Status: complete

Published: 2016-11-07

Words: 781

Rated: Fiction T - Language: English - Genre: Family/Hurt/Comfort -  
Reviews: 1 - Favs: 8 - Follows: 4

Original source: <https://www.fanfiction.net/s/12223746/1/A-Mother-s-Love>

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[Introduction](#)

[A Mother's Love](#)

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Disclaimer : I do not own Naruto, Kishi does.

**A/N: In honor of the second anniversary of the manga's ending, I present this little one-shot told from Kushina's point of view about when she was knitting the scarf for Naruto which you see in *Boruto* and yes, it is bittersweet. So without further ado, here goes. Enjoy!**

"I just can't get it right, dattebane!" Kushina complained to her friend Uchiha Mikoto as the two pregnant women walked down the street together. She held out what to Mikoto looked like a normal blue scarf. "See? It's all wrong."

"It looks perfectly fine to me, Kushina," said Mikoto.

"That's what Minato said," Kushina muttered, clearly exasperated. "And it would be, I suppose, if it was a scarf for anyone but it's not."

*Ah, so that's it,* realized Mikoto as the other woman glanced down at her bulging belly, laying a hand over it protectively. "It's for the baby, isn't it?"

Kushina nodded. "That's why it has to be perfect."

Mikoto smiled softly as she touched her own belly before grabbing her friend's hand and squeezing it gently. "Have you tried putting your feelings into the scarf while you knit it?"

Kushina looked up and shook her head. "No. How do you do that?"

"Think about what you want to say to your baby," Mikoto instructed her. "Think about how much you love him and are excited to be his mother. If you do that then those feelings will be conveyed to him every time he wears your scarf."

"Convey my feelings, huh," murmured Kushina thoughtfully.

~ A Mother's Love ~

Kushina sat down on her couch in the apartment she shared with Minato, pulling her basket of yarn closer to her. *Now which color will best help me to show Naruto how I feel?*

The kunoichi bit her lip as she scanned each color: red, blue, purple, yellow, orange. None of them felt right to her. None except the dark green yarn she had picked up at the store the other day because she thought it looked warm and comforting.

*That's it, dattebane!* decided Kushina excitedly as she plucked out the green yarn and started knitting the scarf with her needles. She thought about her baby while she worked and how she wanted him to be safe and happy without having to deal with the hardships she had to face when she first came to Konoha. Back then she had been treated as an outsider and made fun of because she had red hair and a bit of a temper. Things would only get worse when she became the Kyuubi's Jinchuriki as she was subjected to an awful loneliness and then kidnapped by Hidden Cloud shinobi but was thankfully saved by Minato who had noticed something was wrong and followed the trail of her hair she had left behind. It was on their way back to the village after he had called her hair beautiful that she realized she loved him.

Kushina smiled at the memory of Minato carrying her back as she wished for her baby to also meet someone who would love him and care about him. She also hoped that her baby would never have to experience the crushing loneliness of being ignored and rejected by everyone, that he would make a friend in someone who understood him as Mikoto did her.

She then focused on how much she loved her baby and how she wanted to be with him always. She thought about everything she wanted to teach him and about the days ahead where they could

play on the swing outside of the academy after school and how she would make him elaborate cakes for his birthday.

What Kushina could not imagine was a future where her boy would grow up parentless as the Kyuubi's new Jinchuriki as he struggled to become the Hokage so everyone would have to acknowledge him and that the next time she would see him after giving birth to her beautiful blond boy with bright blue eyes would be in his subconscious.

While Kushina did not know of the tragedy which would befall her in only a few months' time, those feelings she conveyed into the scarf she made that day would be received by Naruto almost two decades later for every time he wrapped it around his neck he could feel his mother's love as if she were right there next to him.

**A/N: And there you go! Definitely one of my shorter one shots but I think it gets the point across and any more would just ruin it. Hope you all enjoyed! Until next time, read review and show the love!**